
Title: The Sleeping Beauty

Author: Lady Lana

She lay silent on the
flat stone lest be her
coffin. You can nay
tell where her velvet
green dress ends, and
the mass of entangled
vines begin. They
creep through the
castle walls, in and out
of the damp and
crumbling mortar. She
has a crown of roses
and thorns climbing
through her golden
silk locks. Her eyes
enclosed in endless
sleep, her lips so red
they should drip
rubies. Portraits of
beauties hang from
the walls entwined in
cobwebs their
inhabitants long gone
and dead. Lace
curtains drape, over
her lovely Majesty,
that were long ago
white are now
yellowed and stricken
with the age of a
hundred years. The
glass doors leading to
the balcony are open
letting in the chilled
air of the morning.
Doves sit on the railing
enjoying the view of
the royal courtyard,
oh so far below them.
Then, his footsteps
are heard echoing up
the towers steps so
high. He reaches the
top, looking at his
princess longingly. He
drops to his knees.
Takes her hands in
his and kisses her.

She stirs suddenly as
the magic lifts her
into his arms, he
carries her down the
neverending steps...
As the flowers bloom
on the vines and the
doves sweetly sing.